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usefully taken to heart by such masters of the Dutch school as Mieris and Gerard Douw:—in whose works the human form is usually the part the least completely or perfectly imitated.

When Wilkie was painting the whole-length portrait of Daniel O'Connell, some visitors to his studio were so loud in their admiration of some still-life introduced in the picture, that the artist in their presence obliterated the much-belauded details, considering that this direction of their applause was a severe criticism on the mode in which he had treated the character or expression of the head. I had this anecdote from the late Mr. Cholmondeley, for whom the picture was painted.

So much for the mere imitation of Nature in her lower forms and less intelligent meaning. But there is yet another species of Imitation against which I must warn you, and which has for its object the simulation of Art. This is a species of imitation which finds itself on a special style, or on a particular picture (generally the former), and some have even recommended it as one of the paths to excellence. For the truth and vitality which are derived immediately from the observation of Nature, the objective means in which these are developed giving a stamp of veracity to what is within its reach, the imitator in question substitutes the bias of another mind than the artist's own, and so gives to his works a certain unreal or fictitious air. His form of servility is to wear the mental livery of some one whom he recognizes as a Prince in Art. The tones and textures familiar to our eye, in the pictures of old masters, become snares to dependent minds; and this form of imitation meets with a large amount of encouragement from amateur and *dilettanti* consent. To this kind of whim, sense and judgment are often subordinated or sacrificed. The applause bestowed, is bestowed on want of originality. The false metal gets a dangerous currency from the stamp of connoisseurship. The fact is, the more original the old artist who is proposed as a model for imitation, the more strongly marked his peculiarities of thought or of rendering, the less does he present a possible or desirable model for direct imitation. The painter of power applies himself to the record of truth with a vigor that communicates a character of its own to all with which he deals. His own impressions shape and determine his own modes of enunciation. His dealings with the objects before him have a direct relation to the tendencies of his own mind—and the emphasis of his pronunciation constitutes his own particular style. The modern artist who imitates these things does so by the precise abdication of the means that led his model to excellence. He works in that unphilosophic mood which, dwelling on the letter, misses the spirit. For those suggestions which Nature would have made to himself, he substitutes the structural peculiarities of another mind, which, not being his own, have a foreign air. Instead of seeming an expression, they show like an artifice. Modes of arrangement or dexterities of manipulation, which were the spontaneous language of another mind, become his studied substitutes for thought. He looks at Nature through spectacles at best—and probably spectacles unsuited to his own focus. Let me warn you, then, that while next to the reading of Nature for yourselves, the best thing you can do is to read the accepted masters—it is mainly with the view of learning, by a careful study of their works, how they read Nature for themselves, and how their several idiosyncrasies colored the results of that reading. The mere study of their modes of expression has immense value of its own, as I shall endeavor to show you in future lectures; but if the study land you in the adoption of mere modes, instead of enlarging your knowledge of the principles of which those modes were several forms of expression, you turn the great library of picture to a wrong use,

and become mannerists at second hand, by seizing on the manner, which was a vital form of the genius of your great originals.

This subject brings us naturally to another, which has a relation to it, and with a few remarks on which I shall conclude. It refers to an eccentric Art-course, which has been the subject of some conflicting opinions of late.

There have been periods in the history of Art, as in that of Letters, when certain minds, as if wearied, under some morbid influence, with the contemplation of high models, have chosen to fall back on some earlier condition of progress, and perversely taken up a backward starting-point, from whence a portion of the road to excellence has needlessly to be travelled over again. Of all the forms of eccentricity into which the love of paradox and the passion for novelty are apt to seduce mankind, this is surely one of the most illogical and uneconomical. If the servile imitation of even perfect models be, as I have said, a thing to be shunned, what shall we say to an imitation which deliberately selects for its models comparative imperfection? The disciples of this school of artists flourish on contradictions. They seek to become conspicuous by a dip among the shadows of the earlier centuries:—their attempt at novelty is made by a return to what is ancient. The bad thus made new they exalt above the beauty that has grown old; and they challenge the logic of the schools in the name of an anachronism.

If there be any truth in the principles which have now been laid down, the followers of this schism stand doubly condemned, as being imitators of what was bad in itself, as an imitative school. What would be said of the author who should prefer now some crude or early form of the language in which he writes, to express his thoughts, rather than avail himself of the wealth of illustration, which the ages and the knowledge born in them have brought to enlarge, enrich, and dignify the utterances at his command? Could the full thought and scientific accomplishment of the present time find fitting interpretation in the vocabulary of Lydgate or of Chaucer? As reasonably might we, in an age of steam-ships and steam-guns, traverse the Euxine in the trireme and assail Sebastopol with the catapult.

Is it more rational that, rejecting all improved ideas and forms of beauty due to the march of time and the fullness of thought, all enlarged scientific knowledge and mechanical means, we should go formally back to a more uninformed and rudimentary time for our examples, and copy the comparative ignorance of the Past, as a positive title to the admiration of the Present?

But these artists of the modern heresy who copy imperfect modes, miss, in doing so, all that gives a dignity and a beauty even to their imperfections. I deny that there is in their works any sympathy or intrinsic correspondence with any one of the earnest masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The hardness, formality, conventionalism, structural errors, deficiencies of scientific or manipulative appliance, where these occur in the works of that time, were the accidents of the day—accidents out of which it took but a comparatively short time for the Arts to emerge. It is not, as Dr. Waagen has justly observed, on account of their defects, that these early masters attract us; but, in spite of these and their peculiarities, I say that Giotto, Fra Angelico, Ghirlandajo, Francia, or Perugino, never present us, as do their pseudo-imitators of our day, with intentional types of deformity. In what they wrought, they aimed at excellence, and sought for beauty to the extent of their capabilities. None of them sought to return to the Byzantine forms of ugliness; but all endeavored anxiously to advance themselves by improving their Art. Earnestness and honesty are perceptible in every line and touch that they have left us.

The backward tendency, visible in the practice of sections of the modern German and French schools, is at least intelligible, and may have a species of defence. For the most part, it occurs in works executed for the decoration of the same Romish Church—deals, therefore, with the same conventional forms, and adopts the same conventional methods. The legends of the Romish Church to-day are the same legends with which the fourteenth century artists dealt; and the modes of the old masters are themselves a sort of Roman Catholic dogma. Truthfulness of character and religious sentiment pervade these French and German works. They have the plea of their faith, and are engaged in the service of their church.

Their imitators of our school transcend the limits of the dogma of ugliness propounded by old St. Basil himself, or by his followers. As if to make as conspicuous as possible the absolute no-meaning and deformity of their practice, they do not even conform to the abstract and spiritual renderings of the age which it is their pretence to adopt. In their devotion to what the French style the *système rétrospectif*, they exhibit the grossest inconsistency, by mixing up the primitive modes of that system with tastes, habits, and methods of later periods and of schools of the lowest and most material agencies. Who could dream of a successful engraving of the Dutch school on the Italian Art of the fifteenth century? Let me entreat the gentlemen of this modern-antique school, as, five years since, I said elsewhere, "to believe that Raffaele may be received as no mean authority for soundness of view and excellence in practice." They stand convicted of insincerity by the very cleverness of some of their pictures. What a willful misapplication of powers is that which affects to treat the human form in the primitive and artless manner of the Middle Ages, while minor accessories are elaborated to a refinement of imitation which belongs to the latest days of executive Art. By the side of their affected simplicity and rudeness, they write the condemnation of the same, saying, "You see by the skill with which we can produce a detail, that we could joint and round these limbs if we would. We show you that while some of us could, if we chose, do as well as they who use the enlarged means and appliances of Art, we can also do, and choose to do, as ill as they who wanted our knowledge. We desire you to understand that it is not for want of knowledge of what nature is, that we fly to affectation."

As a last suggestion, let me warn you, gentlemen students of the Academy, to bear in mind that no technical or manipulative excellence will recommend a vulgar or an immoral subject to rational or thinking minds. Talent bestowed on a low subject is, at best, a misapplication of it, and of time; devoted to an immoral one, it is, besides, a dishonor—an abuse of the great gifts which are implied in the name, rightly understood, of an artist.—*The Athenæum*.

HUMBOLDT ON LANDSCAPE PAINTING.—As fresh and vivid descriptions of natural scenes and objects are suited to enhance a love for the study of nature, so, also, is landscape painting. Both show to us the external world in all its rich variety of forms, and both are capable, in various degrees, according as they are more or less happily conceived, of linking together the outward and the inward world. It is the tendency to form such links which marks the last and highest aim of representative art; but the scientific object to which these pages are devoted, restricts them to a different point of view, and landscape painting can be here considered only as it brings before us the characteristic physiognomy of different portions of the earth's surface, as it increases the longing desire for distant voyages, and as, in a manner equally instructive

and agreeable, it incites to fuller intercourse with nature in her freedom.

In classical antiquity, from the peculiar direction of the Greek and Roman mind, landscape painting, like the poetic description of scenery, could scarcely become an independent object of art: both were used only as accessories. Employed in complete subordination to other objects, landscape painting long served merely as a background to historical composition, or as an accidental ornament in the decoration of painted walls. The epic poet, in a similar manner, sometimes marked the locality of particular events by a picturesque description of the landscape, or, as I might again term it, of the background, in front of which the acting personages were moving. The history of Art teaches how the subordinate auxiliary gradually became itself a principal object, until landscape painting, separated from true historical painting, took its place as a distinct form. Whilst this separation was being gradually effected, the human figures were sometimes inserted as merely secondary features in a mountainous or woodland scene, a marine or a garden view. It has been justly remarked, in reference to the ancients, that not only did painting remain subordinate to sculpture, but more especially, that the feeling for picturesque beauty of landscape reproduced by the pencil was not entertained by them at all, but is wholly of modern growth.

Graphical indications of the peculiar features of a district must, however, have existed in the earliest Greek paintings, if (to cite particular instances) Mandrocles of Samos, as Herodotus tells us, had a painting made for the great Persian king of the passage of the army across the Bosphorus; or if Polygnotus painted the destruction of Troy in the Lesche at Delphi. Among the pictures described by the elder Philostratus, mention is even made of a landscape, in which smoke was seen to issue from the summit of a volcano, and the stream of lava to pour itself into the sea. In the very complicated composition of a view of seven islands, the most recent commentators think that they recognise the representation of a real district, viz. the small volcanic group of the Æolian or Lipari Islands, north of Sicily.

Perspective scene painting, which was made to contribute to the theatrical representation of the master-works of Æschylus and Sophocles, gradually extended this department of Art, by increasing a demand for the illusive imitation of inanimate objects, such as buildings, trees, and rocks. In consequence of the improvement which followed this extension, landscape painting passed with the Greeks and Romans from the theatre into halls adorned with columns, where long surfaces of walls were covered, at first with more restricted scenes, but afterwards with extensive views of cities, sea-shores, and wide pastures with grazing herds of cattle. These pleasing decorations were not, indeed, invented by the Roman painter, Ludius, in the Augustan age, but were rendered generally popular by him, and enlivened by the introduction of small figures. Almost at the same period, and even half a century earlier, amongst the Indians, in the brilliant epoch of Vikramaditya, we find landscape painting referred to as a much-practised Art. In the charming drama of "Sacontala," the king, Dushmanta, has the picture of his beloved shown him; but not satisfied with her portrait only, he desires that "the paintress should draw the places which Sacontala most loved—the Malini river, with a sand-bank on which the red flamingoes are standing; a chain of hills which rest against the Himalaya, and gazelles reposing on the hills." These are no small requisitions; they indicate a belief, at least, in the possibility of executing complicated representations.

In Rome, from the time of the Cæsars landscape painting became a separate branch of Art; but so far as we can judge by what the excava-

tions at Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabia, have shown us, the pictures were often mere bird's-eye views, resembling maps, and aimed rather at the representation of seaport towns, villas, and artificial gardens, than of nature in her freedom. That which the Greeks and the Romans regarded as attractive in a landscape, seems to have been almost exclusively the agreeably habitable, and not what we call the wild and romantic. In their pictures, the imitation might possess as great a degree of exactness as could consist with frequent inaccuracy in regard to perspective, and with a disposition to conventional arrangement; their compositions of the nature of arabesques, to the use of which the severe Vitruvius was averse, contained rhythmically recurring and tastefully arranged forms of plants and animals; but, to avail myself of an expression of Otfried Müller's, "the dreamy twilight of mind which speaks to us in landscape appeared to the ancients, according to their mode of feeling, incapable of artistic representation."

The specimens of ancient landscape-painting in the manner of Ludius, which have been brought to light by the excavations at Pompeii (lately so successful), belong most probably to a single and very limited epoch, namely, from Nero to Titus, for the town had been entirely destroyed by earthquake sixteen years before the catastrophe caused by the celebrated eruption of Vesuvius.—*The Artist.*

"In the Museo Borbonico of Naples," writes a correspondent, who has just returned from Italy, "and in the celebrated chamber which contains the engraved gems—gold and jewelry—found at Pompeii, I observed a *lens* of greenish glass, double convex, and of about three inches diameter. This, the custode informed me, upon inquiry, had been discovered within the last week or two in the new excavations at Pompeii (the street in which stands the house of the musicians). A slight flakiness of surface—the general manifestation of decay in glass—is remarkable on this, I believe, unique relic of antiquity. One would be, perhaps, inclined to suppose its use that of a burning glass rather than of an optical instrument. It is very lenticular in section; and I am not aware that any notices of optic glasses have come down to us in classic literature.—Some most interesting antiquarian discoveries were made during my stay in Sicily, under the direction of Signor Cavalari, then of Palermo, and now of Milan (a member of our Royal Institute of Architects).—At Syracuse, an ancient *submarine* aqueduct, dating from the Greek period, has been explored and cleared. It connects, by means of a channel under the bed of the Porto Grande, the fountain of Arethusa, in Ortigia, with the long water-course on the heights of Epipoli, which runs from the back of the theatre on those superb hills. The submarine gallery is tunnelled out to a depth of twenty-five feet below the sea level, and runs for the distance of about a mile in this position, with dimensions some six feet wide by twelve feet high.—Thames tunnels, we shall begin to confess, are not an original inspiration of the nineteenth century; a somewhat similar discovery has taken place at Gergenti.—At Taormina, a perfect terra-cotta antique repetition of the Laocoon, rather less than life-size, has been disinterred from the ruins of the Theatre; where, also, an arrangement of passages and saloons beneath the scene, for the use of the chorus, has been cleared, which will probably throw some light upon the different mode of Thespianizing among the Greeks and Romans."—*Athenæum.*

EDWARD KRETSCHMAR, the wood-cutter of Leipsic, has just received a gold medal from the King of Prussia, as a reward for his large wood-cut of "The Death of Gustavus Adolphus. Art and royalty seem to move in closer orbits even in German courts than in our own.—*Ibid.*

At the *Réunion des Arts*, on Wednesday night, the chief objects of interest were a series of frescoes by Herr Goetzenberg. These bold crayon drawings were hung round the walls like tapestry, and beside them were ranged reduced copies painted in oil. The best of them seemed the Allegories of Religion and Philosophy, which, we believe, adorn the walls of the University at Bonn. In that of Religion, which is the chief, the various phases of religious progress are represented by figures that surround the great white throne on which true Religion is seated—these various forms being, in fact, so many false and distorted shadows of one and the same being. The Pontiffs are admirably given, with the thin lips, malignant sneer of hard, cruel, scholastic intellectuality. About all of these cartoons there is a pervading atmosphere of German thought, purely abstract, and peopled by those heavy-limbed, unethereal, Albert-Dürer women, with furred robes, brooches and pouches, who tenant the German Art-world. None of them are remarkable for severe, much less graceful, drawing; and the flow of line, though grand, bold, and firm, is never masterly, and generally is heavy. The composition is good, and always earnest and sincere—but the subjects, incidents in the lives of Margraves, and miracles wrought by unknown saints or unknown nobles, are wanting in European interest. To judge from the sketches, the color must be lurid and false. Of all the artist's creations we prefer the scenes in which the Nixe, or wood spirit, a semi-nude nymph who leads a fawn, decoys the shepherds, who are unable to resist the allurements of her voice, and follow her to death in the interior of the forests. Undine and the Heldenbuch, the Nibelungen-Lied and Uhlant, rise before our eyes, and imagination completes what the painter has but hinted. There is no doubt that in the pure abstractions of fancy the German artists surpass our own, who are always trammelled either by a desire to show knowledge or display their power of imitation.—*Ibid.*

LONDON UNIVERSITY.—On Saturday evening the Professors of University College held their annual *soirée* in the Flaxman Gallery and library of that institution. The valuable collection of Flaxman's works, now admirably arranged in the hall, is of itself an exhibition of no ordinary pretensions. Besides these, however, there were displayed in the library some fine works of other artists, amongst which, exciting great curiosity, were some drawings of Russian subjects, by M. Yvon, of extraordinary merit. The meeting was numerous attended by the students and their friends, besides many other persons eminent in the world of Art and literature.

MECHANICAL MULTIPLICATION OF GLASS PAINTINGS.—German periodicals state that the glass painter, M. Pfort, in Reutlingen, has succeeded in reproducing stained glass pictures by mechanical means. The pictures thus obtained possess a perfect lustre and brilliancy of color, and can hardly be distinguished from originals made by the artist. The inventor says that he can reproduce thousands of copies from one original, and thus the exhibition of splendid specimens of Art would be possible even in the humblest parish church.

"WILHELM VON KAULBACH, HIS WORKS AND HIS OPPONENTS."—Such is the title of a German work on the eve of publication. Its chief contents will consist of the explanations given by Kaulbach of his pictures in the Berlin Museum, the Frescoes in the new Pinacotheca at Munich, &c. Biographical notices, also relating to the heart-rending poverty of Kaulbach when young, as well as some revelations on the Munich School of Art Criticism, will add to the interest of this work. The editor is the painter and *littérateur*, M. Robert Lecke.